



# The Silent Girl



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## Chapter 1 by Lex

No one knew where she came from. Or why she was here. What everyone knew now is that she was a straight 'A' student and that she never spoke a word. No one knew her name, or how old she was, if she had been held back, moved up, nothing. All we knew is that she was totally silent all the time.

No one knew what lied behind the eyes of the silent girl, or what words she let linger in the air between her and everyone else, but we all wanted to know what the silent girl was thinking.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



We were about to get our chance. This semester she had to take public speaking. A few students even transferred into the class just to see. She was such a pariah at school. Still, everyone was curious about this beautiful girl. Would she finally speak, or would she let her perfect grades slip? /Everyone/ was curious.

## Chapter 3 by JM



For a while, we stopped gossiping about who was hooking up with who, and where we thought the next party would be, and how much of a jerk someone was being. Instead, we talked about what the girl might have to say. See more of Story Wars

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puffs of air, and her coughs were like breathless wheezes.

I was interested in hearing more about her, though. What her interests were and what aspirations she had. Where she was from. Where she lived now. Did she watch TV? Listen to music? Play any video games? I guess you could say that while everyone else wanted to know why she was uncommon, I was more interested in what we had in common.

She really was beautiful.

#### Chapter 4 by Tristan



I mean how could I, the most unpopular kid in the entire school have shot att a girl as beautiful as her. But somewhere deep inside me I felt like we had alot of in common.

the only promblem was that I couldn't seem to start with a conversation with her, whenever I tried saying hi she would just blush and walk away.

But then one day she went up to me and said "hi" in a shy voice. I was shocked att the fact that she spoke with me of all people I know there are a bunch of guys that are much more handsome than me. But even with that in mind I replied back with a hi.

We just stood there for a bit and looked into eachothers eyes her eyes where a deep brown color just like mine. "I know this sounds weird and all but can you help me with some homework after school?" I was very supriised that she not only asked me for help but that she needed help with homework att all I mean she was an straight A student. "Sure when should we meet?" I asked

She told me that we could meet by the buss pick-up area after school. And that is what we did.

Little did I know that this was the start of something that would last for ever.

#### Chapter 5 by -



She giggled as I told about my mission trip to Central America. I brought up all of the funny stories I could, her laugh was mu

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"Thanks so much for this" she said. "I'm enjoying myself" She got up to leave. I said goodbye and asked her what would be another good day to come over.

"Umm, well... I don't know. I, umm... Well my stepparents are coming to pick me up for the weekend. But I don't know, how that will go..." Then she rushed out the door.

What was that supposed to mean? I felt like she was hiding something really important from me. Could she be in danger?

## Chapter 6 by -



I kicked the wall of my room "How dumb!" I actually didn't know her name! This was positively awful... Such a simple question to ask, and I had forgotten!

In fact, I don't even know where she lives. I grabbed my backpack and raced out the door. I would have to just follow her home.

When I caught sight of her again, she was walking really fast towards a nice, wealthy neighborhood. "Her stepparents must be rich..." I thought to myself.

I saw her go up to a big brick home and reached out for the handle. Someone pushed the door open and grabbed her by the arm. I heard him say "I told you not - " and that was it, before the door loudly slammed shut.

I crept a little closer to the front window, hiding behind a row of bushes. I could hear shouting between to people. Probably the stepparents. I [peeked my head up and looked in the huge window.

The girl was silently huddled on a sofa, cradling her legs and watching the two adults. They were pointing fingers, stomping feet, and yelling at each other.

I felt sorry for the girl. My phone vibrated and I realized I needed to get back home. "Tomorrow at school, I talk to her."

But the girl wasn't at school the next day...

Chapter 7 by -



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I asked the principal if the girl had said anything about the kidnapping, but he had heard nothing from her.

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The first half of school was a drag... I couldn't focus on the classes. Finally, lunch time came and high-tailed off school property and to the ritzy neighborhood.

When I arrived, the garage door was partly open. There were no cars parked inside or on the driveway. "They must have gone on their trip..." I thought to myself.

But I headed to the door and rang the bell anyway. I did it repeatedly, and then stepped over and cupped my hands around my eyes to see in the front window.

I jerked back in surprise and opened my eyes wide in shock. Curled up on the sofa was the girl! Her head was laying on her knees and her shoulders were shaking. I could faintly hear sobbing.

"HEY! IT'S ME!" I shouted loudly several times. But she didn't lift her head up. I began banging on the thick glass with my fists.

Then, she slowly raised her head and looked around in a daze. When she spotted me, she froze terrified. She shook herself and uncurled herself off the couch and unlocked the door.

## Chapter 8 by -



I silently followed her into the living room, sitting down beside her on the sofa as her shoulders shook with new tears. I wrapped my arms about her and laid her head on my shoulder.

I tried my best to comfort her. And soon, as the sun began to set, her sobs faded and her eyelids closed. She fell into a peaceful sleep. I gently laid her head on a pillow and found a blanket to put over her.

I realized my family would be wondering about me so I used her phone and told them the truth - everything. They decided it would be best if someone stayed with her in case she woke up. So I stayed, sitting in an armchair across the room.

In the morning, she was refreshed and smiling. It was like a huge burden had been taken off her back. She seemed relieved to have someone she could trust around.

After we ate breakfast, I brought her to the park and we sat on the grass and discussed what to do next. And our final decision was to go to the beach.

It was the beginning a beautiful relationship. One that would never end.

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